

HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Home-Making

"Home is where the heart is" poets sing, but women are practical enough to know that the house must be comfortable if homelike contentment is to abide in it so they are ever on the outlook for helpful details.

The question of keeping the house well heated is most important just now and this includes more than merely keeping up the fires. A well heated house is one where fresh air is heated and circulated, not one where stale air is made heavier and heavier hour after hour until lungs rebel and headaches and colds result.

The better the scheme of ventilation you have in your house the less difficult it will be to heat it, for air does not move of itself. The hot air rises to the tops of your rooms and stays there and unless fresh air is constantly entering it becomes impure.

An open fire place is an excellent ventilator. In back-log stoves, Charles Dudley Warner pays earnest tribute to the open fire's health keeping qualities and to its coziness, too. "The fire place is a window into the most charming world." . . . Then he tells how to make the fire: "You want first a large back log, not resting on the andirons, this will keep the fire forward, radiate heat all day and late in the evening fall into a glow of coals like the last days of a good man . . ."

So few houses are built now-a-days with open fire places. "A furnace takes so much less work," a woman often says, but the dust made by the open fire or the trouble of emptying the ashes is as nothing compared to the enjoyment of looking into this "win-

dow." Besides no one carries ashes from the grate through the house any more. It is now customary to have a chute beneath the grate through which the ashes go into the basement.

Such a chute is also made beneath the cookstove. A pipe passes from the basement up through the kitchen stove and the ashes dump into a zinc lined barrel beneath.

But in some parts of the country fuel is still abundant and there January does not seem any less joyful than June, for every house has its open fire place.

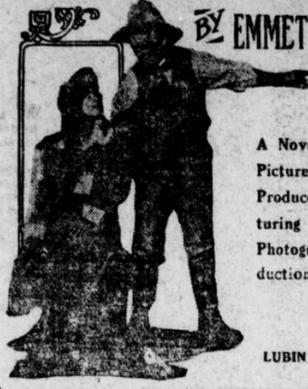
There is a difference of opinion regarding best fuel for open fires. The sea coal or Cannel coal is beautiful for its flames are constantly changing, but it burns out quickly. Oak is the ideal back log and seasoned hickory for firesticks. Indeed hickory is the best wood ever laid on an open fire or placed in a cook stove.

In cities a wood fire is to be obtained only by those with a mint of money at command; the gas grate, the hot air furnace and other modern conveniences have supplanted it in our homes but not in our affections.

Someone has written lately about the joys of faggoting. This is a thing Americans have never had to indulge in. Imagine our middle class women pinning up their skirts, fastening their skirts, fastening their hair under snug bandanas and marching out to the woods in a hunt for small twigs to be tied in bundles and carried home on their backs and burned. It would be fun, though, as the writer says, and much more healthful than some harder things our women do to economize.

THE BELOVED ADVENTURER

BY EMMETT CAMPBELL HALL



A Novelized Version of the Motion Picture Drama of the Same Name Produced by the Lubin Manufacturing Company, Illustrated With Photographs From the Picture Production.

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Continued

CHAPTER III. An Affair of Honor.

THE sun of late spring was streaming warmly into the apartment in shabby respectable Saxon square which because of sbrinking rent rolls and prodigally heedless benevolences had come to represent the "town house" of Lord Cecil, peer of England. The great mansion that for a hundred years had been the abiding place of his family during "the season" still stood in Portland place, but some person of no consequence at all, a millionaire tradesman of the city, the disdainful James, Lord Cecil's "man," believed it was, now held state in its famous long drawing room.

Cecil being occupied with the morning's post, James was at liberty to shake his head with loving mournfulness. For James this was demonstration of emotion quite extraordinary.

From the score of invitations and tradesmen's bills, which were indifferently pushed aside, Cecil selected a letter, the handwriting of which he recognized with a smile of pleasure. It was dated from the Horse Guards' club, and from the strong, careless scrawl one might readily surmise something of the character of Lieutenant Robert Whitmore Burton Stanley, aged twenty-two.

The note read: Dear Uncle—At last Rose has promised to marry me, and I am the happiest man alive, though she makes some foolish conditions as to no gambling and I mustn't even look at another girl. She leaves town this afternoon for the summer. I affect, nephew, ROBT. STANLEY.

A glow of real happiness came into Cecil's kindly eyes. Of all the world since the death of his beloved younger brother the dearest to his lonely heart had been the impulsive, care free young soldier and Rose Middlehurst as fair and sweet as an English primrose, who cherished for Lord Cecil a love such as she would have given her dead father.

Cecil's pleasant dreams were broken by a slight altercation at the door. The faithful James was barring the way of an importunate visitor.

"You may show the lady in, James," Cecil said quietly, and there entered a woman of shabby genteel appearance, whose first words disclosed the professional beggar.

"Give the lady £5, James," Cecil directed, interrupting a plaintive tale with a courteous bow, and resumed the reading of his letter.

Cecil was reading the postscript of Robert's note. It ran: The beastly bank people keep writing that I have overdrawn £40 just when I need new polo ponies. Add that much to my allowance this quarter, like a good old nunkie, will you? BOB.

Cecil rose, glancing at James, and his hat and cane were immediately placed in his hands. Then he strolled out, an indulgent smile hovering about his lips, but James, examining the contents of a battered cash box, sighed and shook his head in troubled thought.

At the comfortable house which Rose had maintained since her majority a year before, with the nominal chaperonage of an ancient and vague relative, Lord Cecil was affectionately greeted by the happy girl. A few minutes after Edward Robert entered, and Rose hurried away to prepare for her journey to the country.

"Aw, that bank thing, y' know, uncle," Bob suggested casually. "The silly asses have sent me another note. It's positively a nuisance. By Jove, one would think they needed the money."

"Thanks awfully, sir," he said a few minutes later as he carelessly pocketed the check Lord Cecil handed him. "If Rose doesn't hurry we shan't catch the express. I'm goin' to see her on, of course, only I wish I could run down with her, but I'm on duty this afternoon."

Just ten minutes later Rose entered and was conducted by the two men to the waiting cab. Cecil said goodby and walked away, his heart, in its own peculiar way, as light as that of the laughing Bob.

When off duty that evening Bob sought his club. The center of interest in the smoking room appeared to be a guest about whom a jovial group had gathered. Some one called to Bob, and he was introduced to M. Lemoine, who greeted him with an easy and polished cordiality.

"Don't know who he is, really, but seems to be a gentleman," a young lancer informed Robert. "Count or baron or something, I believe. Rather good fun."

Into the careless conversation some one dropped the name of the Countess Lurovich, and M. Lemoine broke into sparkling smiles.

"The countess! Ah! The woman glorious! Of a charm, I assure you, and of camaraderie to make one of delight. You do not know her? Then I shall present you. At once! She honors me with her friendship, and her friends are hers, this so wonderful woman."

"Shall we try it on?" the lancer asked

aside, grown suddenly reserved. "Might be somethin' of a lark," Bob replied. "I'm for it."

"Right-o!" the lancer acquiesced, and a few moments later M. Lemoine was gayly conducting a small party from the club. Robert was not soon to forget his first meeting with the woman who moving in that peculiar world which, without being of it, touches garments with the world of rank and fashion, the dollops of which sway thrones and trouble nations, but concerning which few know ought, and these have bought knowledge with sorrow. In a burst of confidence a certain royal personage had once described the countess as the most fascinating woman in Europe and the one most desirable to avoid. To Robert, aglow with youth and love that can even see a diamond in a bit of broken glass shining in the gutter, she was simply glorious.

As the countess looked into his eyes a strange thing happened. For the first time in her life this woman, for whom a hundred men had broken their hearts and suffered shame and death, felt a swift thrill of emotion.

"He is in love with love and some girl, not you," her keen, cold brain whispered. "You must bind him with other chains than those of chance circumstance."

"We will sit here awhile, mon ami, and become acquainted," she said as she languidly sank into a screened divan. On a table within easy reach were glasses and liquors. "Drink, young warrior," she quietly laughed, motioning for Robert to take his place beside her.

And the most fascinating woman in Europe exerted herself as never before, even in those days when crowns



"We will sit here awhile, mon ami," she said.

had been pawns in her games; also the liquors were potent, and Bob drank deeply.

"We had best join the others now," she said. "They play a little game for friendship. We will try our fortunes," she added, and Robert followed dazedly to the small adjoining room from which came the whirr of a roulette wheel.

"I tell you I don't want to play," Robert declared sullenly, but the countess pouted, and peevishly he placed a small bet.

"Welcome, mon brave!" Lemoine called merrily. "Behold, I am—what you would say?—run this game." And he spun the wheel.

Swiftly the lure of the game clutched upon Robert's senses. His stakes became larger. The hour grew late, and the guests had dwindled to a handful.

Three hours later Bob awoke as from a fevered dream and from bloodshot eyes stared at Lemoine, who swiftly ran up a column of pencilled figures.

"Monsieur owes the game £3,800," he said quietly. "Does he wish to place another bet?"

Bob laughed recklessly. "I'll go you once more just to see if the luck will turn. My bet is £200," he said.

The wheel spun.

"Monsieur is unfortunate tonight," Lemoine smiled. "Another occasion perhaps! Meanwhile," he shrugged slightly and offered Robert paper and fountain pen. "monsieur's note of demand will be entirely adequate."

Almost stupidly Robert took the proffered pen and wrote an I. O. U. payable on demand for £4,000. The trap had sprung.

As he was leaving the Countess, Lurovich whispered in Robert's ear: "Do not worry for the little debt. He follows my commands and will not press for payment, for thou art to be my dear friend."

The countess' promise that the debt would not be pressed was to Robert like a reprieve to a condemned man, and his spirits rose instantly. Gratitude served to revive his falling interest in the woman. They parted si-

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BIG COAL DEAL CLOSED
J. V. Thompson Sells Land Valued at \$25,000,000 to Syndicate
Waynesburg, Pa., Dec. 3.—J. V. Thompson, of Uniontown, yesterday closed a deal with a New York syndicate involving the transfer of 41,000 acres of virgin coal land valued at between \$25,000,000 and \$30,000,000. The land is underlain with original Pittsburgh seam coking coal, the finest in the world.

The average represents all of the unsold lands held by Mr. Thompson in northern Green county.

Heading the syndicate which secured the land is one of the most prominent investment bankers in the country, and it has been stated here that he represents the United States Steel Corporation, but no confirmation can be had of this report.

HORSEMAN KILLS HIMSELF
Charles Lawrence Remorseful Over Derserting His Wife
Allentown, Pa., Dec. 3.—Leaving a note saying he was impelled to kill himself from remorse over having deserted his wife, Charles Lawrence, aged 40, was found dead from poison in the Penn hotel yesterday afternoon.

Lawrence was an Indiana horseman, who made Allentown his headquarters the last seven years while campaigning strings belonging to various owners. He had \$32 in his clothes. His letter requested decent burial and asked what was left of his money be sent to his sister, Mrs. A. Kuntz, of Porter, Ind.

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KILL OHUM WITH STRING
Two Boys Convicted of Manslaughter in Cruel Form
Houlton, Me., Dec. 3.—By order of Supreme Court Judge Haley a verdict of manslaughter was returned yesterday in the cases of Louis and Herbert Cote, brothers, aged 16 and 14 years, respectively, charged with murdering a playmate, Hartley Webb, last June. Both lads were sentenced to the State School for Boys during their minority.

It was charged that the Cote boys attacked Hartley Webb and Victor Porter while fishing, removed the other boys' clothing and left the victims in the woods with shoestrings tied about their necks. Webb died of strangulation and the Porter lad was in a state of exhaustion when found.

DOCTOR VICTIM OF CALLING
Contracts Blood Poisoning From Instrument Used in Operation
New York, Dec. 3.—Dr. Stephen C. Pettit, of Brooklyn, is in a serious condition at his home from blood poisoning, contracted from an instrument he used in an operation eight weeks ago. His life has been despaired of several times, but yesterday attending physicians announced that they had hopes of his ultimate recovery.

The poison attacked Dr. Pettit's left leg between the thigh and the knee. Four weeks ago a part of the bone of the leg was removed. Dr. Pettit has been in practice in the Gravesend section for 17 years.

DYING MAN BETRAYS MURDER
Declares Two Hotelmen Shot Whiskey Agent to Death
Hazleton, Pa., Dec. 3.—The authorities are investigating the confession of a patient at the Ashland Hospital, who, while dying, said that two Girardville hotelmen had robbed and slain John I. Miller, of Hazleton, a wholesale whiskey agent, who disappeared in 1908 and whose skeleton, with two bullet holes in the skull, was found on the mountain between Ashland and Girardville two years later.

WAR MOURNER ENDS LIFE
Puts Bullet Into Brain as Daughter Has Dinner Ready
Pottsville, Pa., Dec. 3.—Despondent because his communication with relatives in the Prussian war zone had been suddenly cut off, Michael Haller, of this city, aged 72, a retired cooper, committed suicide by discharging a bullet into his brain yesterday afternoon. The rash act was perpetrated while his daughter, Mrs. Charles Klitsch and her husband, were about to sit down to dinner.

Miner's Skull Crushed
Shamokin, Pa., Dec. 3.—John Novick, a young miner, was found near his home yesterday with his skull crushed. He was senseless, in which condition he has remained ever since. The butcher shop of John Bush, close by, had been robbed of \$50 by three unidentified burglars shortly before Novick was discovered by several young men. It is thought as the burglars were escaping they met Novick in a narrow passageway and assaulted him.

Fire Destroys a Home
Selingsgrove, Pa., Dec. 3.—The residence of W. S. Hancock at Independence, seven miles south of Selingsgrove, was destroyed by fire yesterday. The cause of the fire is unknown.

Artistic Printing at Star-Independent.

lently, but her eyes were eloquent.

The "affair" of Robert and the countess was very shortly the subject of merry jest in the clubs, and news of it presently reached Cecil. To him it was a matter of crushing bitterness. He knew that at best it would end in misery for both Robert and Rose and possibly for the boy's disgrace if not death. The Count Lurovich, who had for some time past been abroad, was a notorious duelist, a dead shot and madly jealous. Of the debt Robert had incurred Cecil as yet knew nothing. As preliminary to any action toward ending the affair Lord Cecil arranged that he be presented to the countess. During his formal call no reference whatever was made to the young guardsman, and it was apparently without result. Yet in subsequent events it was of tremendous consequences, for he was seen by Baron von Mayer as he left the countess' home.

To Be Continued.

1,800 Cigarmakers Go to Work
Reading, Pa., Dec. 3.—Eighteen hundred cigarmakers and helpers in this city, who had been idle for some time,

returned to work yesterday. The 600 hands thrown out of work by the fire three weeks ago at the Vocum Brothers' plant resumed work and the local Eisenberg factory, employing 600 more, resumed operations.

Boulder Kills Miner
Pottsville, Pa., Dec. 3.—Thomas Duncan, about 50 years old, was instantly killed at the Eagle Hill colliery east of Port Carbon yesterday by a big boulder which fell from the top.

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